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THE YOUTH'S REALM

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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EITHER IN
— AGE —
OR
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THE YOUTH'S REALM

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF WHOLESOME LITERATURE
FOR YOUNG AND OLD

PUBLISHED BY
A. BULLARD & CO.

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NO. 12.

A REAL HOME CHRISTMAS

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hooke

By HOWARD FIELDING



"Go and Kiss Mr. Wetherell,"
She Said.



BYOND Portland it was necessary to take an accommodation train which had no parlor car. Wetherell found a seat in a day coach and arranged his belongings with the

care that marks a certain type of bachelor. He was no sooner seated than a fussy, stout woman with two little girls established herself behind him.

Why had he committed the incredible folly of this journey? From a sense of duty doubtless. It was time that he did something substantial for his aunts, his nearest living relatives, two widows with a houseful of other people's children, as he knew from their letters.

They had promised him "a real home Christmas," and he shuddered at the thought. He had been a homeless man for many years and hoped to live and die in that blessed condition. Out of a

long, soul destroying, nerve wrecking struggle he had emerged a rich man. He had taken new and more luxurious rooms at the club. He was prepared to enjoy life in them, or if not he could at least be miserable with no one to worry him.

The train dawdled along and reached Lynde, which is the nearest station to Brantford, about noon. There remained a ride of eleven miles in whatever vehicle his aunts had provided.

He was near the only home in the world he could be sure was open to him for love alone. The old, boyish pledge that he would come back when he got rich was about to be made good. These matters might at least interest him, but they did not. It wearied him to consider them. He was conscious of an active dread of the cold and dreary ride that he must take, and he felt annoyed most unreasonably because the stout woman and her chil-

dren who had distressed him on the train were alighting at this particular station. But his soul was empty of sentiment.

He dodged the trio and hastened through the little buildings, expecting to find his aunt's carriage upon the other side, but there was nothing that looked like a private conveyance. Just opposite the door a girl whom he had seen on the train was putting a hand bag into a queer vehicle on runners, called a "pung" in those parts. It had a broad seat, rudely hooded, in front and a long, boxlike body in which were some packages and a small trunk.

"Yes'm," the driver of the vehicle was saying, "this is the stage. I wouldn't be surprised if you was Miss Amy Hunt. Mrs. Martha Webster asked me to look out for you an' a young feller she was expectin'. You ain't seen nothin' of him, have you?"

"I saw a man get off the train," she replied, "but he was as gray as a mouse. He couldn't have been!"

At this moment she caught sight of Wetherell, so close that he must have heard what she had said.

"Do you know," said he to the driver, "where I can hire a conveyance to take me to Brantford?"

"I'm goin' right over there. This is the stage. Cost you only half a dollar to ride with me. I guess you're Mr. Wetherell, ain't you? I was told to bring you over."

Wetherell perceived that he could not press his inquiry without a suggestion of discourtesy to Miss Hunt. She would think he ought to welcome the chance to ride with her. There really was no way out of it. So after involving the whole state of Maine in one silent anathema he stepped aboard the pung.

Wetherell's meditations were interrupted by the loud voice of the stout woman who called from the door of the station demanding to know whether "that thing" was the Brantford stage. The driver said, "Yes'm," and measured the front seat with a glance of his eye.

"I guess you an' the youngsters will have to bundle in here behind," said he.

"By no means," exclaimed Wetherell, rising. "I could not think of subjecting the lady to so much discomfort. I will find a conveyance for myself!"

"Keep your settin'," said the stout woman, with decision. "Me and the girls would jes' as soon ride behind. It 'll be full warmer there than 'twill up on that seat."

Wetherell hesitated, meditating flight. The stage driver, whose name was Bunker, and the station agent were approaching with his trunk. The driver removed the horses' blankets and threw them into the pung.

"You better wrap the kids in these," he said. "What's your name, little one? Harriet Williams? An' your sister? Oh, her name's Lucy, is it?"

Bunker climbed to the seat of the pung, evading Wetherell's best attempt to make him take the middle of the seat. The lean steeds started the sleigh with an effort that boded ill for the speed of the journey. Wetherell subsided into the high collar of his coat and tried to summon up endurance.

On the edge of Lynde it began to snow, and a strong wind suddenly arose and whirled the snow into the faces of the travelers until they were half smothered and more than half blinded.

Wetherell looked sidewise over his fur collar at Miss Hunt. The girl wore a long black cloth coat, with a flimsy silk handkerchief around her neck.

"Are you very cold?" asked Wetherell.

"Freezing to death, thank you," said she. "And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied. "This coat of mine— Do you know," he said, with a sudden thought, "I've another

overcoat in my trunk. Shall I get it for you?"

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Don't think of opening your trunk here. The snow will drift in and spoil all your things."

He climbed over the back of the seat and succeeded in getting the trunk open, though his fingers nearly froze upon the key and the metal of the lock. It was necessary to lift out the tray and to put it into Mrs. Williams' lap, for room in the back of the pung was very scanty. With the penetrating eye peculiar to her sex Mrs. Williams saw some large bath towels.

"If I could have one of them to put over my head"—she said wistfully.

"Certainly," replied Wetherell. "Pass them around. There ought to be enough for all of us. And I say, Mr. Bunker, see if you can get into this."

He tossed the driver a frock coat, such as used to be called a Prince Albert. The idea of Bunker's wearing it amused him and suggested further pastime of the same kind.

"Mrs. Williams," he continued, "will you so far honor me as to wear this?"

"I'm that cold," she responded, with deadly seriousness, "that I'd wear anything except pants. My, ain't this lovely? What is it?"

"Well, it's a sort of morning garment," said Wetherell, holding up a heavy bathrobe of silk and wool.

"Here are a couple of coats for the children," he continued, tossing them out. "And here's quite an assortment of gloves."

He had found the overcoat at last, and he laid it down in the bottom of the pung while he replaced the tray and closed the trunk. Then he removed the fur lined coat.

"Why, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Miss Hunt. "No, I positively will not wear it. You must put it on again. The other is not nearly so warm."

"I think I shall find it more comfortable," he rejoined. "Please let me try, and if it isn't I will tell you."

By the exercise of a very fine quality of persuasion he induced her to put on the fur lined coat, which enveloped her from top to toe. Then he assisted Bunker to don the frock, the difference in the size of the two men making it possible for the driver to wear the garment over his long yellow ulster. His appearance thus attired excited the loud mirth of Mrs. Williams, who herself looked even more ridiculous in the hooded bathrobe.

They came to a short, steep hill, dimly visible through the snow, which was then driving thickly, beyond anything in Wetherell's experience. Bunker pulled up his team.

"I reckon you an' me 'll have to hoof it," he said.

Wetherell slowly dropped out of the pung. His left leg wouldn't walk at all, and the right one was by no means nimble. Yet there was the hill, and there were the horses, obviously unequal to the task of pulling the whole load. Wetherell summoned all his strength and made a start. Almost immediately he was conscious of feeling better. His blood began to stir. There came to him a strange, youthful sense of pleasure in this novel exertion, this struggle against the storm. His heart answered to many vague memories of old days. He turned and waved his hand to Miss Hunt with a boyish gesture and felt absurdly pleased when she returned the greeting.

From the top of the hill extended a level bit of road, but the snow was wildly drifted, and the horses floundered in it.

Another hill, worse than the first, blinked at them through the eddying snow. The horses stopped at the foot of it without waiting for the rein, and the two men prepared for another

climb. Miss Hunt declared herself able to join them, and Wetherell was obliged to restrain her with gentle force. Standing beside the rude vehicle and holding the girl in her place, Wetherell was aware for the first time that she was very pretty. She raised her veil to plead with him more effectively and in so doing produced an impression even stronger than she had foreseen, but because of it the man was further than ever from permitting her to climb the hill afoot.

It was a hard pull. At the last of it each man had a horse by the bridle and was exerting all his strength. In a halt that they made and later at the top of the ascent Wetherell heard Bunker murmuring: "Cur'ous—darned blarsted cur'ous! I don't understand it."

"What's curious?" he inquired at last.

Bunker stepped across in front of the horses.

"I don't seem to remember this hill," he said in a low voice.

Wetherell felt as if he had been stabbed with an icicle.

"You don't mean to tell me that there's any doubt about the road?" he demanded.

Bunker nervously adjusted the bath towel that was tied around his head.

"I ain't been over it but twice afore," he said. "I ain't the regular stage driver. I work for him. He does a sort of a little truckin' an' livery business in Brantford. I ain't been with him more'n a month. I come from over Thomaston way."

Wetherell uttered a half articulate prayer that would have been an oath in less desperate circumstances.

"My friend," said Wetherell, "if we are lost in this storm do you know what will happen to us?"

Bunker shivered so that the little icicles on his grizzled beard seemed to tinkle.

"We must come to a house some time," he said.

"We must come to one pretty soon," said Wetherell. "Look at the horses."

"They're nigh beat out," said Bunker. "An' so'm I. The wust of it is that in this snow we may pass a dozen houses an' never know it. I can't see the side of the road half the time, an' in this region people build way back an' don't have no gate, but a pair of bars."

A gradual descent helped the tired team a bit, and then came another hill. When they got to the top of it, Bunker said, with decision and seemingly with his last breath, "There ain't no such place as this on the road to Brantford."

Wetherell looked at the horses. They stood with their legs quivering under them. They seemed to be stricken not only with exhaustion, but with a dull terror. Upon the left side of the road was a heavy growth of spruces. Wetherell scented out a practical way leading into this grove, and with great difficulty the horses were forced to drag the sleigh under the trees. The shelter there was considerable, and the weary brutes seemed to feel some benefit from it.

"We must give them a little rest," Wetherell explained. "You'll all be quite comfortable here while I go on ahead to examine the road."

Miss Hunt beckoned him to the side of the sleigh.

"Do you mean to say that we are lost?" she whispered.

He nodded.

"Are you going to try to find the road?"

"The road won't do us any good," he whispered. "The horses are done for. What we must have is shelter—a house. I must find one."

"You will lose your way," she said. "You will become exhausted and fall in the snow."

"Somebody must do it," he replied, "and I'm afraid our friend Bunker has

very nearly reached his limit. So it's up to me, as we say in New York."

"Please be careful; be very, very careful," she called after him.

Outside the grove the wind seemed fiercer than ever and the snow more dense. Wetherell fought his way along the road, sustained far beyond the limit of his physical strength by the determination within him and the knowledge of the utter dependence of the others.

It seemed a long distance that he had traversed, but it was really not more than 200 yards, when he came to a gateway opening upon the left. He was like a starving beggar who finds a coin upon the street, incredulous, fearing a hallucination. But the gate was really there, and a roadway, dimly defined, led around a clump of trees. Wetherell ran, leaping through the snow, and presently he came to a large house of a quality he certainly did not expect to find in such a place.

There was a veranda along the entire front, but the snow was banked heavily upon it and against the door, which was locked. Yet so great was Wetherell's exhaustion of mind and senses that it did not occur to him that the house was deserted. He rang the bell with confidence and sat down upon the steps of the veranda in the lee of a post to wait for a response. And there in the moment of safety he was as near as possible to falling into a sleep, which, considering the circumstances, would probably have lasted until the day of judgment. Vague thoughts of the people who were waiting for him in the sled under the spruces roused him just in time.

He sprang up and threw his weight against the door, one, twice, and the lock was ripped out of the wood. He was in a broad hall quite pretentious in its decorations. A parlor was upon the right, a dining room beyond and a kitchen at the rear. Here he came first upon signs of recent occupancy, and the whole truth was apparent. This was a summer residence that had been in charge of caretakers who had gone away probably for a Christmas visit.

No human creature is insensible to the joy of bearing good tidings, especially when they relate to his own notable success. Wetherell returned to the spruces with something in his breast that closely resembled a light heart.

"Miss Hunt," he cried, "I have found a vacant palace in the adjoining pasture. I offer you all the comforts of home."

It had been a solemn time in the grove. Mrs. Williams, as Wetherell afterward learned, had displayed a talent for gloomy prophecy quite inappropriate in one so fat and hearty. She had pictured Wetherell walking in circles in the snow until he dropped dead just where he started, and she had fortified the description with so many harrowing anecdotes that the man had the effect of a ghost when he appeared.

The human freight and the baggage appertaining thereto were discharged at the front door of the house, and then the horses and pung were put into the barn. Wetherell and Bunker found the others in the kitchen.

"I've been lookin' around this place," said Mrs. Williams. "The house is pretty well found in the matter of groceries, but there ain't really nothin' to eat. I can make some bread, but that ain't very fillin'."

"There's plenty of coffee and some condensed milk," said Miss Hunt, "but—"

"I want something to eat!" wailed Lucy.

Wetherell felt himself confronted by a new responsibility. He had succeeded in housing the people; now he must feed them.

"Mr. Bunker," said he, with an in-

spiration born of necessity, "what are all of those packages in the pung?"

"By jimmyneddy!" exclaimed Bunker. "I've got a turkey in there. It's goin' to Deacon Dresser!"

"I am glad to hear," said Wetherell, "that it is the property of a professing Christian. He will be glad to relieve our necessities, especially at this time of year. Miss Hunt, with your permission, I will attend to the marketing today. Come along, Mr. Bunker."

They returned presently with the turkey, which was frozen as hard as a rock, but not beyond cooking, in Mrs. Williams' opinion. She and Amy meanwhile had found quite an assortment of vegetables in the cellar.

"I'm going to open all the boxes in the sleigh," said Wetherell. "I have already broken into the largest of them, which, I regret to say, was full of rubber boots."

"Here's a little one that I brought along," said Bunker. "There wa'n't no hatchet in the barn, an' Mr. Wetherell broke the pitchfork on the other box. This one seems to smell kind of good, but mebbe it's only my appetite."

"Here are some crackers," said Amy, who was feeding the children. "Really, Mr. Wetherell, I think this is great fun. It is like a picnic."

"Queer weather for a picnic," said Bunker, glancing out of the window. "This ain't no Fourth of July, as I see it."

Wetherell meanwhile was opening the box which had been consigned to the store in Brantford and proved to contain tapers and tinsel ornaments for a Christmas tree.

"Well, I be jiggered!" exclaimed Bunker. "This is addin' insult to injury. They're goin' to have a Christmas tree at the place where I live to-night."

"So they was at my sister's, too," said Mrs. Williams. "But we won't be there. However, we're lucky to be anywhere, and if it wasn't for Mr. Wetherell we wouldn't be."

At this moment a howl, loud and fearsome, resounded through the room. The awful significance of her mother's remark had penetrated the intelligence of little Lucy and had shattered a long cherished dream.

"We ain't going to have any Christmas tree!" she cried in a voice choked with sobs. And she lay down upon her back and beat the floor with her heels.

Mrs. Williams gathered the child to her ample bosom and vainly tried alternate consolation and threats. To Wetherell this scene was more trying than that last bill on the wrong road in the midst of the snowstorm. He turned an appealing eye upon Miss Hunt, but she offered no suggestion. She was holding Harriet's head in her lap and stroking her yellow hair. The child had a beautiful habit of crying silently, and she always hid her face when she did it.

Wetherell viewed her with gratitude and admiration.

"Harriet," he said suddenly, "you're a good girl, and I'm going to tell you a secret. There's the prettiest Christmas tree you ever saw growing out on the lawn, and this evening it is going to walk into the parlor covered with candles and candy, and there will be presents on it for all little girls who don't cry or who can do it without making any noise."

Lucy stopped in the middle of a long yell with a suddenness that nearly wrecked her lungs, and Harriet turned her pretty, tear stained face toward Wetherell as if she had heard the voice of an angel.

The light of mischief shone in Amy's eyes.

"Go and kiss Mr. Wetherell," she said, "and tell him that he will make a lovely Santa Claus."

Wetherell took the kiss and was none the worse for it. Then he donned the coat that Amy had worn and wandered forth into the snowstorm armed with a hatchet.

When he returned with the tree, the children had been put to bed in a room upstairs to sleep till dinner time. Mrs. Williams was well under way with Deacon Dresser's turkey, and Mr. Bunker was feeding a fire in the big open fireplace in the parlor.

The room was already beginning to be warm. It was not ill furnished and surely looked its best by contrast with the storm. Wetherell drew a big chair before the fire, and it seemed to be the most comfortable chair that he had ever seen in all his life.

"Why, there's a piano here!" exclaimed Amy, entering the room. "We will have some music this evening. There's no time for it now. We must fix the tree."

"I've a lot of candy and stuff in my trunk," said Wetherell. "I bought the unhealthfullest kind I could find—for the children, you know. My aunts have their house full of them. I don't like children very well."

"I asked Harriet whether you kissed her," retorted Amy, "and she said you did—twice."

"Curiosity and prevarication," said Wetherell, "are the two besetting sins of the sex. By the way, did you have much trouble with the girls upstairs?"

"An experienced person," replied Amy, "can always manage a child when its mother is not present. When she is present, the experienced person does not try. You may have observed it today."

"Upon my word," said he, "you do understand children."

They went to work upon the tree, and at half past 6 when Mrs. Williams sent Bunker to warn them that dinner was nearly ready there was no more to be done. Amy went upstairs to dress the children, leaving Wetherell to pace the floor thoughtfully before the fire. His meditations seemed to be mostly humorous, but from time to time quite grave. Suddenly he threw himself into the big chair and laughed softly.

"Upon my word," he said aloud, "this must be confoundingly like being married. And it's not so bad. That's the funny part; it's not half bad!"

Mrs. Williams' dinner was not bad at all. The woman was really a cook of no mean accomplishments, and the sauce of hunger helped her fame. It also helped to keep the children quiet, that and the fact that their mother would not sit down to table, but insisted upon spending most of her time in the kitchen.

It was with difficulty that Bunker could be prevailed upon to take his place, for social distinctions, nearly obliterated in the presence of the storm, re-established themselves in the house. Wetherell amused himself by speaking of the driver as his old friend Captain Bunker, whom he had brought home to dinner, and by treating him with distinguished courtesy as the guest of the occasion. He also devoted himself to Harriet, who sat beside him at her own earnest request, for the episode of the two kisses seemed to have touched her little heart.

Wetherell was witty and cheerful throughout the meal. He carved the turkey to admiration and was apparently alert to every one's needs. But in reality he felt like a man in a dream. His surroundings were strange enough, surely, but the wonder that perplexed him was in himself. Why was he not bored? How could he laugh at children's nonsense and set a value upon trifles?

"It's her tact," he said to himself at last, looking across at Amy. "She is carrying this whole situation on her shoulders and has carried it from the start. If she were any other girl, I

would go out and hide in a snow bank."

After the dinner came the tree, but that should be seen by a child's vision. Wetherell tried to see it that way as he watched the two little girls come into the room. They halted as soon as they had crossed the threshold and stood stock still, incapable of speech or motion—just two pairs of wide, wondering eyes. Doubtless they still saw the glittering marvel hours later when their eyes were closed in sleep.

At 9 o'clock Mrs. Williams dragged them away, protesting, though their little heads were rocking on their shoulders. Mr. Bunker went out to smoke a pipe in the kitchen. Wetherell and Amy drew chairs before the fire and sat with no other light except that from the waning tapers.

"I have been singularly happy today," said the man of the world.

"You have been singularly helpful," said she. "It is the same thing."

"I cannot quite believe it," he replied. "Of course it was to a certain extent a pleasure to do what I could for my companions in misfortune, but I'm too selfish to be much moved by it."

"If you are selfish," said she, "you have a remarkable way of showing it."

"I really am," he said. "I feel a selfish happiness at this moment. Shall I tell you why? Because I have found my way. This day has been a sort of allegory. Miss Hunt, I have for a long time been lost in a colder and more hopeless desolation than any we encountered today. I have sought one road and another and have always gone astray. What should I have done? Do you remember what I told you in the grove this afternoon?"

"You said the road would do us no good; that what we needed was shelter."

"Precisely. And it has been the same with me. The lean steeds of selfishness and petty personal ambition—mostly for money—have carried me as far as they can go, and on the wrong road. The path that I have found today leads out of the highway to shelter, a roof over my head, a home."

"Isn't it singular how fate has coerced me?" he continued. "This morning I was the loneliest, most crabbed and spoiled old rascal that ever took pleasure in being miserable. I could hardly bring myself to visit my dear old aunts, who have loved me ever since I was born. I was afraid of them, afraid of their house, afraid of the children whom they shelter in sheer goodness of heart."

"And fate looked down on me and laughed. It put me into a place where I had to go back to the natural man, to fight the cold and the storm. That was to crack the crust of artificiality. Then it loaded me with responsibilities such as I have studiously avoided. It sent you to me, and those two children whom I began by hating."

"And myself also, I fancied," said Amy.

"I was not drawn toward you, that's a fact," he rejoined. "I was afraid to accept even the responsibility of entertaining you with my cheerful conversation for a couple of hours. And what resulted? Why, to be brief about it, I have been led step by step to establish something very like a home here in the house of strangers and to celebrate the best festival of the year as one might do beneath his own roof. And I like it. In the way of humble confession, let me say that I have never been so happy before."

"I am very glad," said Amy, rising. "Shall we put out the candles on the tree?"

They began at opposite sides and extinguished the tapers until but one remained on a low branch. Amy was about to put it out when Wetherell restrained her.

"There is a superstition," said he, "about the last candle on the Christmas tree. If two unmarried people blow at it, the one who puts it out will be married first."

Amy turned quickly and blew at the candle. Wetherell did the same thing at the very same instant, and the flame vanished.

"When they blow it out together," said he, "it is a sign that they will be married in the same church on the same day and hour by the same minister."

"I do not believe in omens," she said, "but one can never tell. Sometimes they come true. Good night."

She gave him her hand as they walked together into the brighter firelight. Just then there was a scratching on the door, and presently the head of Bunker appeared.

"It's clearin' off," he said. "I thought you might like to know. I've been outside to take a look, an' I've found out where we are. There's a big piece of water back of us that can't be nothin' but Onaway lake. I must 'a' follered the wrong telegraph wire out of Lynde, an' we're half way over to the town of Unity, but we can strike home across lots tomorrow all right."

"There is no particular hurry," said Wetherell.

How Baboushka Found the Christ Child

By Jeannette H. Walworth

NIGHT was falling fast, and the snow was piled high against the outer walls of the hovel where a poor moujik (peasant) named Katoma lay dying in a little village in far-away Russia.

Katoma knew that he was going to die. It was Christmas eve, but there was no gladness in the season for him. His wife, whom he had loved very dearly, was already gone. For three consecutive years now his crops had failed. A few weeks before the wolves had devoured his last cow. If he had been entirely alone in the world he would have said to death, "Come: thou art welcome!"

But there was one other, his boy Ossip. The idea of death became terrible when he thought of leaving his boy all alone with not a copeck to bless himself with.

When I tell you that it takes 100 copecks to make a ruble and that a ruble is less than 60 cents, you will understand how dreadfully poor Katoma was.

He could not die peacefully for thinking of Ossip's future. His dim eyes turned fondly toward the pillow by his side, which the boy's thick black hair almost covered. Ossip lay motionless in sleep. The sick man put one feeble hand upon his boy's smooth forehead and silently commended him to heaven's care.

The house was very still. The hour was late. Ossip's healthy, regular breathing was the only audible sound. If only kind heaven would raise up one friend for his boy out of the millions of good people this big world swarmed with, Katoma felt that he should not mind how soon he was laid away under the frozen sods.

While his hand rested on Ossip's head and his heart was filled with these anxious thoughts the door of the hovel opened softly. The moujik turned wondering eyes in that direction, and there, coming noiselessly toward him across the beaten earthen floor, was a tall woman with soft brown eyes full of pitying tenderness.

She came close to the bed, on Ossip's side of it, and, looking down upon the sleeping child, she muttered:

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"Perhaps this is the one at last."

Katoma looked at her anxiously.

"Whence came you, good mother, and what seek you?"

Across the sleeping boy she answered softly:

"I have come for Ossip. They told me in the village that thy days were numbered, and I knew that Ossip would need a friend. I will love and



"I HAVE COME FOR OSSIP."

care for him as though he were my very own. I am called Baboushka, and I keep my promises."

Then Katoma, the moujik, died happy, for he knew that Baboushka was a friend to all little children, and when she gathered Ossip close into her motherly arms when the end came the child ceased weeping for his dead father.

When Baboushka and Ossip were well on their way to the old woman's home, in the next village, they heard a pitiful sound of weeping somewhere on the tree shadowed side of the road.

The old woman stopped at the sound. "We will go and see who is in trouble, Ossip. Our eyes and ears should always be kept well opened so that no sign of distress may escape us."

Guided by the sound, they came to a stone where, wailing and shivering in the darkness of the winter night, they found a little girl scarcely as large as Ossip, who was not at all well grown for his eight years.

Baboushka knelt down by the child and, gathering her cold little feet into a warm clasp, muttered:

"Perhaps this is the child."

Then she said aloud, "What is thy name, little one, and what doest thou here alone in the bitter nighttime?"

At which the child's tears flowed afresh, and between her sobs she told the kind, soft eyed woman how she had been traveling with a great company of men and women who were leaving their own village to seek a better land across the seas—our own blessed America, I make no doubt—and how, when they had encamped for the night, her aunt, who was the only relative she had in the world, had sent her into the woods to gather fagots to put under their soup kettle, and how she had wandered so far that she had not been able to find her way back to the camp, and how she feared the wolves would devour her before any one should come to look for her. Then she told Baboushka that her name was Vasalissa.

Baboushka clasped the little wanderer to her great motherly heart.

"That, indeed, the wolves shall not

my dear little Vasalissa. I cannot give thee back to thy aunt, for I know no better than thou dost where this great company of men and women may be camping for the night. But thou shalt go home with Ossip and me. Thou shalt share our fire and our porridge, and all that is mine thou shalt share with Ossip. I can keep the wolves of hunger and cold away, and if thy aunt comes to claim thee she shall find thee rosy and happy."

Then Vasalissa quickly dried her tears, and with her hand clasped in Baboushka's she trudged cheerfully forward until they came to a tiny little cottage set back from the road a short distance. In its one window a lamp was burning brightly.

The window and the lamp belonged to Baboushka's cottage. She pushed its unlocked door open, and the children entered with her into a clean swept, well warmed room.

A large chair was drawn close up to the hearth. As Baboushka entered she glanced eagerly at this chair, and again she muttered under her breath:

"I had hoped he might have come while I was out."

"Good mother," Ossip asked, "why do you leave a lighted lamp in the window when you go away?"

"So that," she answered, "should any one go astray in the cold and the dark he might find his way to my poor cottage. And now let us see if the bean broth has kept warm all this time. I made it before I left home in the early morning hours so that if any wanderers found their way hither they might not leave my roof hungered."

The bean broth had kept warm. She bade Ossip throw a few more fagots under the pot and set Vasalissa on a stool in the warmest nook. Then she brought three bowls, filled them with the bean broth and put them on the table. Over them she asked a blessing.

Before her own wooden spoon had made two journeys from bowl to lip she heard a timid knock at the door. She ran quickly to answer it. A tall, pale lad stood outside. In his arms he carried a small mite of a boy, about whose shoulders was wrapped a worn and soiled woman's shawl.

The tall, pale lad looked into the fire lighted room with longing eyes. His teeth chattered with the cold as he asked: "Good mother, may we ask shelter for the night? The cold bites bitter hard, and my little brother Petrusha is but a sickly cripple."

Then Baboushka opened wide her door with an eager hand and fast beating heart. Perhaps, at last, this was the child. What she said aloud was:

"That indeed thou mayest. But why art thou abroad on such a bitter night with the little one?"

She took the crippled boy in her strong, loving arms and carried him straight to the great chair in the chimney corner. She rapped her own best shawl about him and chafed his small, withered feet until they glowed with warmth. The tall, pale lad looked on gratefully.

"I am seeking an asylum for the little one," he said. "I have to work hard to keep him and myself from want. A rich merchant has promised me work, but he says I must not bring Petrusha. That he would take too much of my time."

"And where seek you an asylum for him?"

Baboushka looked pitifully at the small, sad face of the cripple. The tall

brother answered sadly:

"Alas, that I know not yet. I was seeking the nearest town to ask counsel of the priest."

Baboushka laid a kind hand on the boy's arm.

"Put care away from thy young heart. Thou hast found an asylum for thy crippled brother. He shall

travel no farther on the frozen roads. He shall be my own little Petrusha. I have a tiny truckle bed into which he will fit to a nicety. Such as I have, dear child, I make thee welcome to in the Christ Child's name."

The night was but very little older when the three children, Ossip, Vasalissa and Petrusha, fed, warmed and comforted, were sleeping the care free sleep of innocent childhood.

Only the tall lad and Baboushka sat by the fireside, because there was no bed left for them.

"Tell me, good mother," the boy said, looking straight into her kind eyes, "why are you so good to all children? Your fame has gone abroad."

Baboushka did not answer him at once. When she did, her voice sounded as sweet and solemn as church chimes at vesper time.

"Yes, I will tell you, my son, for you are nearing your own years of responsibility, and it will be well for you to learn in good time the solemn lesson that an opportunity once lost is lost forever."

"Many years ago I was setting my house in order when three men stopped at my door with a great piece of news."

"We have seen a radiant star in the east," they said, "and we know that the Christ Child must be come. Leave thy labor. Come with us to find him and to do him honor."

"But I sent them away with words of foolish impatience. 'Seest thou not that I am setting my house in order? Go thou to where the star beckons thee, and I will follow at some more convenient time. I can see its light

without thy help.'

"So they went their way and left me to go mine. But when the time came that I found it convenient to follow the star clouds obscured the heavens, and there was no star to be seen, and so I knew not how to seek the Christ Child."

"I have been seeking him ever since, up and down in the land. Whenever, wherever I see a little child I think perhaps I have found the One I seek, and my heart yearns over him. But not yet have I found the Christ Child, whose face must shine with the radiance of the star I lost."

With tears of sorrow wetting her eyelashes Baboushka fell asleep in her chair. She had filled all of her beds with cold and friendless children.

And as she slept a tender hand seemed to dry her tears and a loving voice to whisper in her ears:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones ye have done it unto me. They were homeless, and ye took them in. They were hungry, and you have fed them. They were cold, and you have warmed them. The Christ Child is in thy own heart."

And on that glad Christmas morning Baboushka awoke with a great peace in her soul, for she knew that she had found him she had been seeking far and wide.

WORTH-REPEATING SERIES NUMBER 1.

PECK'S BAD BOY

Revised, with the objectionable parts omitted.

(To Be Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BABY AND THE GOAT.

"Well, how is the baby?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy as he came into the grocery smelling very "horsy" and sat down on the chair with the back gone and looked very tired.

"Oh, darn the baby! Everybody asks me about the baby, as though it was mine. I don't pay no attention to the darn thing, except to notice, the foolish-

ness going on around the house. Say, I guess that baby will grow up to be a fire engine. The nurse coupled the baby onto a section of rubber hose that runs down into a bottle of milk, and it began to get up steam, and pretty soon the milk began to disappear, just like the water does when a fire engine couples on to a hydrant. Pa calls the baby 'Old No. 2.' I am 'No. 1,' and if Pa had a hook and ladder truck and a hose cart and a fire gong he would imagine he was chief engineer of the fire department. But the baby kicks on this milk wagon milk and howls like a dog that's got lost.

"The doctor told Pa the best thing he could do was to get a goat, but Pa said, since we nishiated him into the Masons with the goat he wouldn't have a goat around no how. The doc told Pa the other kind of a goat—I think it was a Samantha goat he said—wouldn't kick with its head, and Pa sent me up into the Polack settlement to see if I couldn't borry a milk goat for a few weeks. I got a woman to lend us her goat till the baby got big enough to chew beef for \$1 a week and paid \$1 in advance, and Pa went up in the evening to help me get the goat. Well, it was the darndest mistake you ever see. There was two goats so near alike you could not tell which was the goat we leased, and the other goat was the chum of our goat, but it belonged to a Nirish woman. We got a bed cord hitched around the Nirish goat, and that goat didn't recognize the

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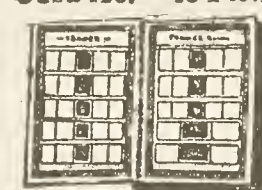
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lease, and when we tried to jerk it along it rared right up and made things real quick for Pa. I don't know what there is about a goat that makes it get so



"Oh, it lammed him."

spunky, but that goat seemed to have a grudge against Pa from the first. If there were any places on Pa's manly form that the goat did not explore with his head, Pa don't know where the places are.

"Oh, it lammed him, and when I luffed Pa got mad. I told him every man ought to furnish his own goats when he had a baby, and I let go the rope and started off, and Pa said he knew how it was, I wanted him to get killed. It wasn't that, but I saw the Nirish woman that owned the goat coming around the corner of the house with a cistern pole. Just as Pa was getting the goat out of the gate the goat got crossways of the gate, and Pa yanked and doubled the goat right up, and I thought he had broke the goat's neck, and the woman thought so, too, for she jabbed Pa with the cistern pole just below the belt, and she tried to get a hold on Pa's hair, but he had her there. No woman can get the advantage of Pa that way, 'cause Ma has tried it. Well, Pa explained it to the woman, and she let Pa off if he would pay her \$2 for damages to her goat, and he paid it, and then we took the nannygoat, and it went right along with us. But I have got my opinion of a baby that will drink goat's milk. Gosh, it is like this stuff that comes in a spoiled cocoanut.

"The baby hasn't done anything but blat since the nurse coupled it onto the goat hydrant. I had to take all my playthings out of the basement to keep the goat from eating them. I guess the milk will taste of powder and singed hair now. The goat got to eating some roman candles me and my chum had laid away in the coal bin and chewed them around the furnace, and the powder leaked out, and a coal fell out of the furnace on the hearth, and you'd 'a' died to see Pa and the hired girl and the goat. You see, Pa can't milk nothing but a milk wagon, and he got the hired girl to milk the goat, and they were just hunting around the basement for the goat with a tin cup when the fireworks went off. Well, there was balls of green and red and blue fire and spilled powder blazed up, and the goat just looked astonished and looked on as though it was sorry so much good fodder was spoiled, but when its hair began to burn the goat gave one snort and went between Pa and the hired girl like it was shot out of a cannon, and it knocked Pa over a wash boiler into the coal bin and the hired girl in among the kindling wood, and she crossed herself and repeated the catekism, and the goat jumped up on the brick furnace, and they couldn't get it down.

"I heard the celebration and went down and took Pa by the pants and pulled him out of the coal bin, and he said he would surrender and plead guilty of being the biggest fool in Milwaukee. I pulled the kindling wood off the hired girl, and then she got mad and said she would milk the goat or die. Oh, that girl has got sand. She used to work in the glass factory. Well, sir, it was a sight worth 2 shillings admission to see that hired girl get upon a stepladder to milk that goat on top of the furnace,

with Pa sitting on a barrel of potatoes bossing the job. They are going to fix a gangplank to get the goat down off the furnace. The baby kicked on the milk last night. I guess besides tasting of powder and burnt hair the milk was too warm on account of the furnace. Pa has got to grow a new lot of hair on that goat or the woman won't take it back. She don't want no bald goat. Well, they can run the baby and goat to suit themselves, 'cause I have resigned. I have gone into business. Don't you smell anything that would lead you to surmise that I had gone into business? No drug store this time," and the boy got up and put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and looked proud.

"Oh, I don't know as I smell anything except the faint odor of a horse blanket. What you gone into anyway?" and the grocery man put the wrapping paper under the counter and put the red chalk in his pocket so the boy couldn't write any sign to hang up outside.

"You hit it the first time. I have accepted a situation of teller in a livery stable," said the boy as he searched around for the barrel of cut sugar which had been removed.

"Teller in a livery stable! Well, that is a new one on me. What is a teller in a livery stable?" and the grocery man looked pleased and pointed the boy to a barrel of 7-cent sugar.

"Don't you know what a teller is in a livery stable? It is the same as a teller in a bank. I have to grease the harness, oil the buggies and curry off the horses, and when a man comes in to hire a horse I have to go down to the saloon and tell the livery man. That's what a teller is. I like the teller part of it, but greasing harness is a little too rich for my blood; but the livery man says if I stick to it I will be governor some day, 'cause most all the great men have begun life taking care of horses. It all depends on my girl whether I stick or not. If she likes the smell of horses, I shall be a statesman, but if she objects to it and sticks up her nose I shall not yearn to be governor at the expense of my girl. It beats all, don't it, that wimmen settle every great question. Everybody does everything to please wimmen, and if they kick on anything that settles it. But I must go and umpire that game between Pa and the hired girl and the goat. Say, can't you come over and see the baby? 'Tain't bigger than a small satchel," and the boy waited till the grocery man went to draw some vinegar, when he slipped out and put up a sign written on a shingle with white chalk:

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To accustom themselves to nunger and to the absence of food the Russian peasants practice a sort of hibernation, says a curious note in L'Anthropologie. "As soon as the head of the house discovers that the quantity of rye on hand is not sufficient to last out the winter he arranges to limit its consumption. The whole family goes to bed and sleeps for the greater part of the next four or five months. In order to economize the animal heat and to limit as much as possible the necessity for food, all movement is restricted to what is absolutely necessary. The custom is called 'lojka' and is practiced by whole districts. Only the most imperative want is permitted to disturb the slumber, and immediately all is silent again."

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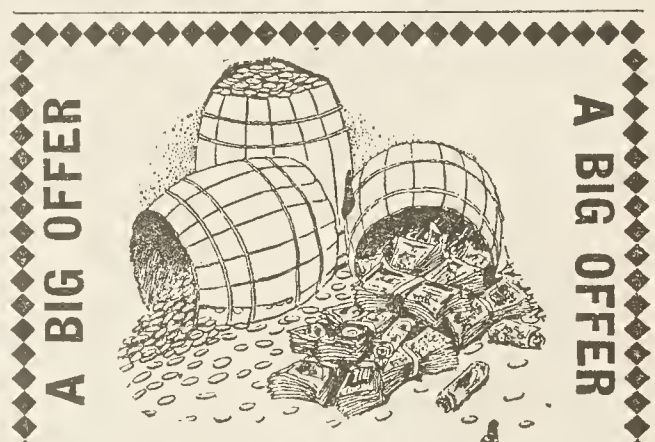
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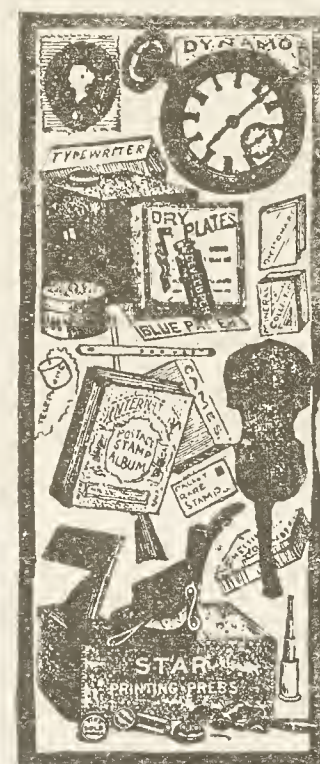
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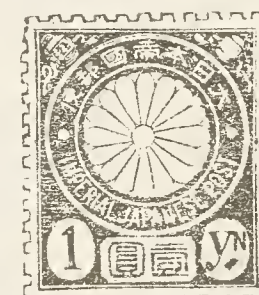
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lation before the remainder were destroyed, and will doubtless fall into the hands of the speculator if they are not there already.

Have you seen the new 13c stamp yet?

It is said, a new stamp will soon be issued by the French government. The design to be employed is the beautiful figure of "The Sower" by Roty, the well-known engraver of French medals. The stamp will be put in use soon after New Year's.

We call our readers' attention to the new set of stamps for Iceland chronicled by us in this number.

The formation of stock companies out of

individual stamp houses is being undertaken in London.

The new king's head issue of India will be priced in these columns next month.

Already the late British issues of queen's head stamps have begun to rise in value.

If all the newspapers in the country inserted a column advertisement calculated to stir up an interest in stamps among those who have not already yielded to the fascination of the pursuit, the effect would not be so great as a new issue of stamps by the government. Even a new foreign issue from some popular country stimulates and enthralls collectors here in America. We predict that the forthcoming set of new United States stamps will be the means of making 50,000 new collectors before the winter is over.

Before our next issue the 1903 Standard Catalogue will be ready for mailing.

Our articles on "How to Make Money in the Stamp Business" are attracting attention to a greater degree than we anticipated at the start, and we have decided to add a number of new chapters, the series now being calculated to run through the winter months and into the spring.

We are giving away
500 GAMES, TRICKS, PUZZLES, STORIES, RECIPE MANUAL ETC., ETC., FREE TO EACH PERSON. Not one game or one trick to each person, but an assortment of the above making **500 for each person**

and including—ILLUMINATED GAMES, such as Dominoes, Chess, Nine Men Morris, Fox and Geese, etc.; **Startling TRICKS of Sleight of Hand** for stage and parlor entertainment; **chapter of Conundrums**, the best you have ever seen; **PUZZLES**, with correct answers; **STORIES** for long evenings; **Recipe Manual** of trade secrets, telling how to make such articles as colored inks, glue, baking powder, bluing, paint, tooth powder, candy, etc. etc. One of these recipes originally sold for \$100.00. You have an opportunity to get rich making and selling the articles described here. Also some choice cooking recipes and **hundreds of other useful and entertaining devices**, including the magic age card; how to memorize dates and numbers by a wonderful discovery invaluable to teachers and scholars; deaf and dumb alphabet; some good experiments; etc., etc. Just think of it,

500 OF THE ABOVE FREE TO

500 EACH PERSON who sends only ten cents for a 3-months' trial subscription to our great paper for young and old. All we ask is that if you like the paper show it to your friends or speak a good word for us by way of an advertisement. This offer is to introduce ourselves to 100,000 new subscribers. If the above supply of games etc. become exhausted before you write to us, we will return your money. But we advise you to write at once to secure the above. ADDRESS—**REALM, Station A, Boston, Mass.**

THE MARKET

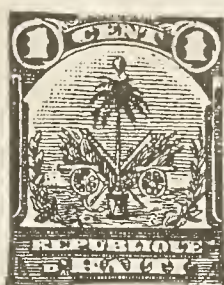
A PRICE CATALOGUE OF THE STAMPS OF ALL NATIONS. COMPLETE TO THE DATE OF GOING TO PRESS. WRITTEN FOR THE REALM. TO BE CONTINUED.

First column of prices is for new stamps, 2nd for used. When two or more stamps are listed on one line the price to the right is for each stamp.

HAYTI Continued.



1891-98; 1c purple, 1c blue 4
2c blue, 2c brown 5
3c lilac 8
5c orange, 5c green 4
7c red brown 15
7c gray 6
7c red, 20c bwn, 20c org 30
2c on 3c slate, 2c on 20c brown 15
2c on 20c orange 10



1898
1 ble 75
2 bwn 6
3c vio-
let 1.25
5 grn 6
7 bk 1.25
20c or-
ge 2.50
1899; sec-
ond of above two cuts;

1c blue, 5c green, used, 3c. 2 org, 3 grn 5
7c gray unnsd 8c, usd 10c. 20c blk 20
50c brown, 1G lilac
1899; similar to 1898 issue; figures of value at top and bottom. 1c grn, 2c lake 3
4c red, 5c blue, 10c orange red 7
8c carmine usd or unnsd 10c. 15 grn 15

Unpaid; "Chiffre tax;" 1898; 2c blk 5
5c brown unnsd 8c. 10c orange, 50c slate

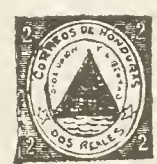
HELIGOLAND



1867-73; color, red & green;
1/2sch 80
1/3sch 90
2/3sch 25
1 sch 3.00
1 1/2sch 1.00

2sch, 6sch
Reprinted issue of all above, each 3
1875; 2nd cut; color, green & red.
1pf, 2pf, 5pf, 10pf, 25pf
Reprinted copies of 1pf or 2pf, each 3
50pf 90
1876-90; arms in center; color, grn & red.
3pf unnsd 90c. Reprinted issue 3
20pf 15
1879; 1M, 5M 3.00

HONDURAS



1865; 2r green 5
2r pink 5
1877; surchgd with new value; 1/2r on 2r 90
1r on 2r, 2r on 2r 90



1878.
1c prple 3
2c bwn 4
1/2r blk 4
1r, 2r 12
4r, 1P 30
1890; 2nd cut;
1c grn 3

2c red, 5c blue, 10c orange 4
20c yellowish 6
25c red, 30c purple, 40c ble, 50c bwn 10
75c green, 1P carmine 12



1891; first of above two cuts; 1c blue 3
2c, 5c, 10c, unnsd, 4c. 20c bwn 6
25, 30, 40, 50, " 10c. 75c, 1P 12
2P, 5P, 10P 30
1892; 2nd of above two cuts; 1c slate 3
2c blue, 5c green, 10c blue 4
20c red 6
25c bwn, 30c ble, 40c org, 50c choc 10
75c lake, 1P purple 12



1893;
1c grn 3
2c, 5c, 10c 4
20c red 6
25, 30c 10
40c, 50c 10
75c, 1P 12

1895; 2nd of above two cuts; 1c verm 3
2c ble, 5c slate, unnsd 4c. 10 rose, 20c lilc 8
1P grn, unnsd, 25c. 30c vio, 50c bwn 12



1896;
1c, 2c 4
5c prpl 4
10, 20, 30c 6
50c red 40
1P bn 75
1898; 2nd cut;
1c bwn 3
2c rose 6
5c ultramarine, 6c lilac, 10c blue 4
20c org, used, 10c. 50c org, 1P grn

Official; '90 issue surchgd OFICIAL; ylow;
1c, 2c, 5c 4
10c, 20c, 50c, 75c, 1P 10
25c, 30c, 40c 6
'91 issue surchgd; color, ylw; 20c 6
1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, 4
25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 75c, 1P 10

HONG KONG



1862-1901; 2c bwn 35
2c rose, 2 grn, 4 slate 2
4c carmine, 5c blue 3
5c yellow, 20c on 30c 3
6c vio, 16c ylw, 30c vermln 60
10c bwn, red p, 10c blue 2
8c org, 12c ble, 24c green 15
10c green, 30c violet, grn or bwn, 50c on 48c 8
10c viol, 10c on 30c grn, \$1 on 96c 25
18c lilac, 10c on 12 blue, 50c on 48 bwn 75
48 rose, 2c rose " Jubilee 1891, " \$1 on \$2 50

96 gry, 5 on 18 vio, 10 on 24 gn, 28 on 30 1.50
5 on 8 org, 10 on 16 ylw, 16 on 18, 48 bwn 3.00
20c on 30c verm, 7c on 10c, 14c on 30c 12

HORTA

'92-3; type of '92 issu' Portugl; HORTA below
5r yellow 2
10r vio, 15 choc 5
20c lavndr, 25 gn 8
50r blue 1
75, 80, 100r 35
150, 200, 300r

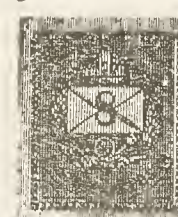


1896-99; 2 1/2r gry, 5 org 2
10r green, 15r green 3
15 bwn, 20 vio, 25 gn or red 5
50r ble, 65r slate blue 12
75 rose, 80 prpl, 100 ble 18
115 red bwn, 130 gray bwn 20
150 bwn, 180 vio, 200 vio 30
300r ble, 500r black 65

HUNGARY



1871-2;
2k orange 7
3k green 25
5k rose 2
10k blue 5
15k brown 12
25k lilac 18
1874-81; 2nd cut; 2k lilac, 3k green 1
5k vermilion, 10k blue, 20k slate 1



1881-99; printed in two colors.
2k vio&black, 3k grn&black 1
5k rose&blk, 10k blk&blk 1
8k org&" 12 bwn&gn, 15.20k 2
24k vio&red, 30k grn & bwn 2
50k red&org, 1P blk&silver 3
3P brown & gold 18



1900-1: 1f gray, 2f bistre 2
3f org, 4f purple, 10f red 1
5f green, 6f claret, 25f ble 1
6f brown, 30f orange brown 2
20f, 35f 50f, 60f 3
1 Korona red bwn (bust) 5
2Kor, 3Kor, 5Kor "



Newspaper Stamps; (1k) orange, 1st cut 2
1k orange 2nd cut, 1k black similar 1
(1f) red, 3rd newspaper cut 2



Newspaper Tax Stamps;
1k blue 3
2k brown, similar 3

ICELAND



1873-1901; 2s blue 3
3s gry, 5a ble, 3a on 5a gn 1.25
4s red, 25a blk&bwn 15
8s bwn, 16s ylw, 40a grn 1.10
3a org, 5a grn, 10a red 2
4a gray & red, 6a gray 3
16a bwn, 40a purple 10
20a ble used 5c; 50a, 100a



1902;
3a orange, 5a green 3
4a red & gray, 10a red 3
6a brown, 16a red brown 4
20a, blue 5
25a grn & bwn, 40a lilac 8
50a blk&gray, 1K bwn&ble 12



Official; '73-1901; 3a ylw 3
4a gray, 5a brown 4
10a blue 6
16a red, 20a yellow gn 10
50a rose lilac 22
4s green (type of 1st cut) 2.50
8s lilac " 2.50

INDIA

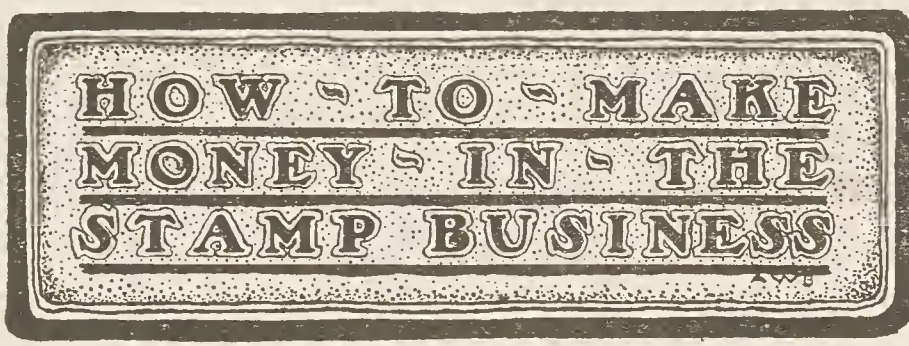
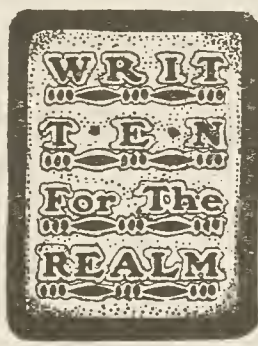


1854-55; 1/2r red 35.00
1/2a blue 10
1a blue 20
2a green 50
4a red & blue, similar, octagonal in shape; cut sq'r 1.25
Same, cut to shape 50



1855-79; various designs; 1/2a ble, 1a bwn 2
2a yellow, 6a bistre 4
2a rose, 6a8p slate 40
2a buff, 8p lil, 8a rose, usd, 12c; 2a gn 18
4a grn (1st of above 3 cuts), 9p lilac 30
4a grn (3rd of above 2 cuts), 4a blk 7
12a red bwn used 50c; 1K slate 20
6a violet, large, green surcharge 2.00





SELLING STAMPS

IT matters not where the location is: a successful mail-order stamp business can be carried on in a most out-of-the-way place as well as in the center of the great metropolis, provided a post office is somewhere within reach. It is not in the largest cities, in fact, where most of the big mail-order stamp firms are located, but in places where local trade amounts to little or nothing. In such places all energy is directed towards building up the mail-order branch of the business, which, without doubt, is the most profitable end of the business. Large rents for stores on business streets and other expenses incidental to city location help generously to eat up the profits of the counter trade.

It takes time to wait on customers and clerk hire cuts into the profits where customers buy five cent's worth of stamps after spending an hour or two in making their selection. While a clerk is selling a dollar's worth of stamps over the counter, a smart mail-order clerk could fill a ten-dollar order. You see in the latter case the selecting has all been done before the order is sent in, while the local customer makes his selection in the store and sometimes dreams a couple of times over his order before actually giving it to the clerk, and is then likely to change his mind two or three times and finally select a Heligoland reprint in place of an original two-cent Turkey.

Rent is an item which the out-of-town dealer is not much troubled over. One of the best features of the mail-order stamp business is that it can be carried on in comparatively small quarters when the business is not large, and expand when the business warrants it. A Parisian stamp dealer, who at one time controlled the largest stamp business across the water, was forced to move his establishment into a block of buildings large enough for a department store, but not any too large for the wholesale and retail branches of his enormous business extending all over Europe. The smallest business we have known was not conducted in a store, office, or suite of rooms, but in a closet just large enough for a small table and chair. When the proprietor turned around he usually knocked a box or two of stamps off the shelf and had the pleasure of picking them up and sorting them out before proceeding with the routine business of the day. Customers stood in the adjoining bed room or in the hall for they could not get into the store, even one at a time. From a small beginning that business has grown to great proportions and the closet would now scarcely be large enough to hold the envelopes used in a year to enclose the stamps which have been ordered by mail.

There is an obvious difference between buying and selling anything. If you have the cash, and buy in large wholesale lots, you will have no

trouble in finding bargains. To dispose of your stock, however, at a reasonable profit is another problem. Goods will not sell themselves, however attractive they may be, without a little pushing. The "pushing" is so important a factor in trade that the man who can do the most of it will succeed in selling an article not quite so good as his neighbor's while his neighbor goes into bankruptcy. No matter how fine your stock of stamps is you must keep "pushing" to make a success of the business. The moment you stop pushing your business stops moving and it is all the more difficult to start it a-going again.

There are two popular methods of selling stamps in vogue to-day. One is to issue a price-list and sell direct to your customer. The other, and by far the more profitable, is to sell through local agents. The approval sheet business, as the latter is commonly called, has grown to be a great industry in this country, in the past twenty-five years, and hundreds of clerks are employed in putting up approval sheets and keeping accounts with thousands of agents, some houses employing from 500 to 1000 active agents the year around. The salaries of these agents are paid in commissions, the average rate being 50 per cent. of the amount of sales. Keeping the books for a stamp business carried on on a large scale calls for an entirely different system of book-keeping from the method popularly taught in the public schools. But about this we will speak later.

Still another method of selling single stamps is by auction sale. We have mentioned in a previous chapter the auction sale of wholesale lots of stamps. Single stamps are sold to collectors in precisely the same way, and some half a dozen houses make a specialty of this kind of business. As yet it has not become the popular method of selling stamps, and auctions do not pay unless the lots offered are exceptionally fine and the variety is large. Unless the sale is extensively advertised it will not pay for the cost of printing the catalogue and the expenses of the auctioneer.

We now have a word to say regarding cash sales by means of the price list. In these days of sharp competition and small profits on individual orders, it does not pay to conduct this branch of the business by mail unless it be undertaken in connection with the approval-sheet business. The two branches of the business must be carried on conjointly, and if they are, and are managed properly, there is a chance for a big profit to be derived from both. The first thing is to get out a price list of packets, sets, publications and possibly a few single stamps. As a rule, however, it does not pay to advertise single stamps in such a list. But a line of popular packets and sets is indispensable, and also of hinges and hinge paper, albums, catalogues pricing the stamps of all nations, and other publications pertaining to stamps. We shall have something to say later about an individual printing plant but will now offer a few suggestions to those about to order a supply of printed matter. First, insist on good printing, though the paper be cheap. Second, order at one printing as large a quantity as you can use, as 1000 of anything cost little more than 100. 3. Make your copy brief.

100 STAMPS 100 We will send you 100 mixed U. S. and foreign stamps cat. value over \$1 all this month for 10c, post paid. *Nashua Stp. Co.* 136 Foller St. Na-luaN11

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN And then write for our list of bargains. 1000 well mixed U. S. or foreign 13c. Set of 10 King's Head Great Britain 10c. **Western Stamp Co.** 708 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

FREE A PACKET of good stamps to all applicants for my approval sheets at 50 per cent. discount, promising a return within 10 days after receipt.

A. C. Bateman MARSEILLES ILLINOIS

PORTO RICO, '98-99 issue 1, 2, and 3c, unused Western Union Telegraph Franks '98 and '99 issue. 5 varieties 10 cents. Post paid Shorthand by mail.

W. B. FOZZARD 27 Grove Street :: :: Lynn, Mass.

Free 50 Varieties foreign stamps free to all sending for our approval sheets at 50 p. c. commission, and enclosing a 2 cent stamp to pay the postage.

FEDERAL STAMP COMPANY Box 121 Station A Boston Mass.

\$11 FOR 10 CTS: \$1 red, \$1 green and black, \$1, \$3, and \$5 gray .10 Cuba 14 var. .11 Hawaii 3 var. .05 Hayti 3 var. .05 Nyassa 7 var. .20 Stamps on approval. Agents wanted.

ASHLAND STAMP CO. 368 Ashland Boul. CHICAGO ILLS.

FREE! 10 Good Stamps Free to All. FREE Cuba on U. S. 1, 2, 3 and 5c 8c " 1899, 1, 2, 3, 5, and 10c 8c Honduras 1898, 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 20 and 50c 12c F. E. THORP . . . Norwich . . . New York

LOOK Satisfaction guaranteed; send for my sheets at 50 p. c. discount. Stamps priced at 1/2 to 1-5 cat. price. Prizes for all selling \$1.00 worth. **H. H. GOWAN** 19 Metcalf Street Toronto Canada

Mention the REALM when answering advs.

Our Latest Import

Fresh Stock Just Received From Abroad
Postage extra on orders less than 25 cents

Argentine 30c 1901, only	03c
" 1 Peso 1899, only	14c
Brazil 2000 on 1000 reis yellow, Scott's No. 127 cat. 75c, only	23c
Brazil 1899, 2000 on 1000 brown No. 128	21c
Rhodesia 1899 1d red, only	2c
China 30c 1898, only	8c
Dutch Indies 1900 50 on 50c, only	4c
" 1900 2G150c on 2G150c	40c
Philippines on U. S. 5c, only	2c
" " " 10c "	8c
" " " 50c "	45c
U. S. 1895 50c, only	6c
Uganda 1 rupee, Queen's Head, only	54c

Coldwater Stamp Co., Coldwater, Mich.



North Borneo



British Protectorate

Just issued, set of seven varieties, animal and pictorial stamps. A beautiful set printed in three colors, only 18c

4 var. Soudan Camel Trooper	15c
3 " Trinidad	5c
5 " New Zealand, pictorial stamps	5c
U. S. 50c orange, 1895	6c
1/2c Canada Jubilee, very rare	25c
5c Confederate, Jeff. Davis	5c
20c green C. S. A., Washington	12c
\$1, 2, 3, 5, 10 gray U. S. 1899 revs.	50c
\$1 and \$2 green and black 1902	5c
80c brown 1902, very scarce	10c
40c blue, 1902	3c
1/2c, 3c and 4c, set	3c

Finest sheets sent on approval. We buy sell and exchange. Be sure and get our catalog and get your stamps from the old reliable.

SAMUEL P. HUGHES

OMAHA :: :: :: NEBR.



105

VARIETIES of USED AND UNUSED STAMPS, INCLUDING Vasco de Gama, NYASSA (see illustration), 1901 issue, Japan, India, Portugal, Egypt, Australia, etc., etc., \$1.00 and \$2.00 U. S. Hinges, all for **TEN CENTS** silver and a 2-cent stamp for postage.

Charles A. Townsend, 63 E. FAY STREET AKRON, OHIO

THE PLACE TO BUY... ARTISTIC

We Have The Largest Assortment of **LAMPS and FIXTURES** in New England.

WE LIGHT THE WORLD in **ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, and OIL FIXTURES**

McKENNEY & WATERBURY, 181 FRANKLIN ST. BOSTON

Approval Sheets

50 PER CENT DISCOUNT

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Fulton Stamp Co.

105 West 42d Street
NEW YORK

BIG BARGAINS

6 va Bavaria '70-3, 1,3,7,9,10,18kr 13
5 va China 98, 1,2,4,5c fine 8c. 6 va Finland '89,2,5,10,20,25p, 1M obsolete 7c. 9 Guatemala '86-1900 jubilee, 1,2,5,6,10 on 5, 1,2,6, fine, 12c. 3 Greece unpd '02, 1,2,3 unused, 4c. 6 va Japan '76-9, 4,8,10,15,20,50, old, 13c. 10 va Montenegro fine, us\$unus 15c. 8 va Persia scarce, 9c. 10 Philip's '90-97, 2,24-8, 24-8, 8,10,124-8,25,2,2,10 unstd, 16c. 5 va Pto Rco '98-9, unused, 6c. 20 va Turkey '92-1901, fine, 16c. 5 Turk'y '01, 5,10,20p, 1,2pi,4c. 10 Venezuela unus, obsolete, 12c. 5 va Ven'zla, 1900, unstd & surgd, 10c. 3 Ven'zla '96,5,10,35, un, 6c.

More bargains in my Net Books of stamps usually priced 50-75 p c below cat. Send refnrc. Also, fine 50 p c sheets for AGENTS. They say my sheets are the best ever handled.

Chas C. DeSelms, Richmond, Indiana.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS:

FROM British Colonies only, as Malta, Gibraltar, British Honduras, Barbados, Bermuda, Hong Kong, Gold Coast, Lagos, Sierra Leone etc., for only 25 cents. This is a real Bargain. A rare stamp to all sending for our Approval Books at 50 per cent. discount.

Thomas Stamp Comp'y
604 CHARTRES STREET
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A XMAS PRESENT FREE
1900 Cuba 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 10c, 5 va. unused 25c. 1900 Cuba 10c orange, spec. delv. unused 13c. Ecuador Jub. comp. 7 va., cat. \$1.25 unstd 25c. 50 diff. for 5c. 1895 50c orange, 7c. 50 diff postmarks 10c. 50U. S. 10c. 1000 Omega hinges 7c. Orders of 50c 1000 hinges free. Richmond Stp. Co., Richmond, Va.

When answering advertisements please mention the Youth's Realm

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

10 Approval Books, 100 stamps 10
100 Approval Sheets, 25 stamps 15
100 Diff. Stamps, Jamaica &c., cat. \$1.25 20
Finest sheets at 65 off. Send reference.
Sample of *Philatelic Star* and lists free.

J. N. Burton
MADISON NEW YORK

STAMPS FREE

100 all diff. foreign for the names and addresses of two collectors and 2c postage. Only one to each.

5 1901 revs. \$1 to \$5, only	15c
2 1902 " green and black, only	3c
9 North Borneo 1894, complete, only	50c
International Album, latest edition	\$1.50
Imperial Album; holds 3500 stamps	30c
Scott's latest catalogue, post free	58c

WHOLESALE

100 \$1\$2 rev. gray	19c	100 Cuba 5c '91-96	10c
100 Jamaica Jub.	50c	100 \$1 revs. green	25c
25 1902 revs \$1,\$2	25c	5 sets Cuba war	10c
10 sets Chili Tel.	10c	10 " Egg salt tax	20c
50 blank sheets	10c	100 " " "	19c
5000 Faultless hinges	30c.	10,000 40c.	

Price lists free. Wholesale list for dealers.
Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

STAMPS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

100 stamps all different, cataloguing \$1.75 o8
Same packet with Album containing spaces for 3500 stamps, bound in boards 30

Set 14 Roman States, unused	03
Set 8 Samoa, unused	10
Set 8 North Borneo, used	15
Set 5 Bergedorf, unused	06

Postage extra.

FINEST Approval Books in the world at 50 p. c. Just send good reference and books will follow.

R. M. MITCHELL
ORADELL New Jersey

STAMPS 9 Borneo 1893, fine, 30c
6 Newfoundland 12c. 7 Spain 1850-54, 15c. 10 Chili 12c. 4 Hong Kong 6c. 5 Jamaica 5c. 3 Malta 5c. 12 Netherlands 8c. 8 N. Zland including pictorial 8c. 3 Straits Settlements 5c. 5 Trinidad 6c.
E. G. Furbush, 653 Foster Av., Chicago, Ills.

70 p. c. Commission

On our Approval Sheets. They are priced at regular market prices and 70p.c. is offered You will find many bargains on these sheets you never found before on any other sheets.

TRY THESE FOR BARGAINS

30 var. South American	special price	18c	
4 Or'ge Free State	5c	6 Salvador	5c
7 Costa Rica	5c	7 Hayti	12c
10 Serbia	10c	8 Luxemburg	5c
10 Mexican revs.	fine large		10c
100 Mixed old Civil War rev.	mostly 2c		
varieties, special price			12c

Order To-day. Send reference for parent or guardian. Get on our list for our special winter approval bargains below 1/3 catalog

JOHNE. HOGLIN
1151 North Main St., DAYTON, O.

STAMPS 110 all diff., rare Zan-zibar, China, Portuguese, India, etc., 10c. 8 unused Samoa 10c. Cat. free. Agents wanted. Refer. required.
Established 1881
Importing Co. SALEM MASS.

Free A beautiful broken bank note with orders inclosing 10 cents for my 1902 catalogue of Confederate stamps, notes, bonds and United States Fraction Currency. Address—
R. L. Dejtrick, Lorraine Va.

FREE 1000 foreign stamps to everyone answering this advertisement and following instructions. Send postal card for particulars. **H. J. KLEINMAN**
3643 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE A Cuban stamp issued in 1857 to all sending reference for stamps on approval at 50 p. c. 58 var. foreign stamps cataloging 72c only 8c.
R. H. McKenzie, Rumford Falls, Maine

FREE 100 var. foreign stamps for the names and addresses of two honest collectors; only one to each. Postage 2 cents.
HOME STAMP CO., Sta. C. Toledo, Ohio.

BRITISH Protectorate, No. Borneo, 10 varieties used 42c
Ecuador Jubilee 1896, 7 var. unused 30c
Fine approval selections. References required
G. A. Knight, 90 Meridian St., E. Boston, Mass.

100 War Ships, 10c; 100 Canada 15c; 100 Canada revenues 30c; 6 King's heads 10c; 5 Canada Jubilee 10c; 6p Canada \$2; 1000 fine Canada \$2. Price lists free.
W. R. ADAMS, Toronto, Ontario

DEALERS WHOLESALE

Our new wholesale list of 40 pages has just been issued and prices a very large variety of stamps, sets, packets, mixtures and dealer's supplies. Mailed free. Prices will interest every dealer.

Marks Stamp Co. Toronto, Canada

WANTED We are open to purchase for spot cash, stamps of every country in quantity; collections, job lots, consignments, offers and price-lists wanted.
WANTED

BIG STAMP PAPER FREE

500 Different stamps all mounted on sheets cat. about \$10.00; fine \$1.50
1895 50c postage 6c
U.S. 1895 1 dollar black 27c

We buy and sell stamps and coins
Different stamps, China, etc., 6c;
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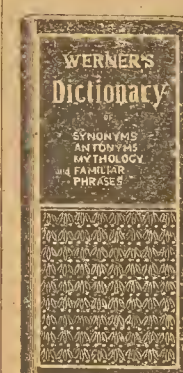
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